Directly (A/B/O Dynamics + unusual pairs - Alpha/Alpha)

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by Sirenja (orphan_account), TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal smirked.

“Scare me? No.” He studied Will’s face - confident. Hannibal found that very alluring. He wet his lips with the slide of his tongue, not breaking eye contact. “You should never fear your true self Will.”

“Not entirely acceptable is it though,” Will replied, Hannibal noting that despite his words, Will did not appear perturbed by this.

“It is no longer illegal.” Hannibal commented, his tone matter of fact - they might as well be discussing the weather but for the way their eyes bored into each other. He wondered how far Will could be pushed on this until he snapped - “Medically speaking, intercourse between two Alpha can certainly be sexually gratifying.”

Will did not respond but did not break eye contact.

Notes

Ficlet written for Sirenja's Alpha/Alpha gifset for her "A/B/O Dynamics" series.

A/B/O Dynamics + unusual pairs - Alpha/Alpha: LINK TO GIFSET

Massive thanks to Llewcie for the beta!

PLEASE NOTE: This is not part of, and completely separate from, my Hannigram Alpha/Alpha ongoing series Food Lovers

See the end of the work for more notes

I have to deal with you. And my feelings about you. I think it's best if I do that directly.

As Hannibal sat across from Will he recalled the words from their last session - their first since Will's release. Hannibal had been surprised to see him, and then had been suspicious. Certainly, Will was a changed man from the experience of his incarceration, but how much of this change was intentional on Will's part? He'd had a suspicion about Will for a while. In his mind it made sense that they might be similar in many more ways than he had first thought. Did Will have the same suspicions? For what reason would he have arrived at the doctor's office groomed so charmingly - hair and beard neatly trimmed. His clothes had clearly been new, and despite Will's usual poor taste in aftershave, the scent of polythene packaging still lingered on the shirt.

To what end? Hannibal had to wonder. But those words had filled him with a renewed confidence in the connection he felt with the other Alpha.That he could indeed mould Will Graham to his whim - that he was back in the Hannibal's sphere of influence as though a moth drawn back to the flame.

But his words had brought another feeling to Hannibal. Yes, there was elation at the thought of guiding Will to his becoming. But something else too - they had been friends. He had *missed* Will.

my feelings about you

Hannibal's thoughts flashed briefly to his conversation in bed with Alana the night before. He'd had to justify Will returning to his therapy. He had reassured her that he was happy that at least the dire circumstances had brought them together if nothing else. He knew she was too clouded with her own feelings, her own needs as an omega to even think for one moment that she was a ruse. That she was a facade for him - the successful Alpha doctor for whom she would be the perfect mate. Theoretically.

Now Will sat opposite him again, the first time since their last session that they had been alone together, that they had the chance to address anything that might naturally arise - Hannibal framing Will perhaps? Where they might go now with their broken friendship? Any topic was possible. He found Will a refreshingly unpredictable person, especially for an Alpha. Not easily led by his instincts, which Hannibal had an appreciation for.

They fell upon discussing the case both he and Will had been called in on. A horse coffin. Dead creatures. Symbols of rebirth. Will's rebirth. Hannibal's eyes darted to Will's lips for a moment, a moment Will did not see. And he changed the subject - consulting with the FBI, Will's destruction.

Hannibal sighed. An affectation.

"After everything that's happened, Will, you still believe-"

Will cut him off. "Stop right there. You may have to pretend, but I don't."

“No, you don't. Not with me.” Hannibal took in a breath with the words. Almost regretting them. He needed Will close, close enough to whisper through the chrysalis, but if he allowed him too close...

“I don't expect you to admit anything. You can't. But I prefer sins of omission to outright lies, Dr. Lecter. Don't lie to me.” A firmness in Will’s voice. The commanding tone of an Alpha. Hannibal felt the words, the power behind them, tingle at the back of his neck. He acknowledged them and wondered whether they were double-edged. Did Will just mean the Ripper? Did he suspect? Hannibal felt a flutter in his chest that he decided was some sort of anxious anticipation at the potential discovery.

A pause then as Will surprised Hannibal by scenting the air, an interesting look crossing his face at what he’d evidently been picking up on and now clarified. He looked almost amused to undoubtedly find Alana’s lingering scent on Hannibal.

Will cleared his throat and gave a pointed look.

He knew. Clearly he knew. And Hannibal found he was relieved. Of course the empath knew this of him. Would he view it as a weakness? How did Will feel about this aspect of himself? It was not something they had ever discussed. Hannibal thought for only a moment before the testing words left his mouth -

“It´s pretty hard to find a compatible mate these days - don't you think?"

“We are compatible.” Will replied without hesitation.

Hannibal wasn’t sure his surprise was entirely feigned at Will’s brazen words, at him voicing them rather than the content. Even so, he tried to sound a little scandalised when he replied -

“We are both Alphas.”

“Yes - does that scare you?”

Hannibal smirked.

“Scare me? No.” He studied Will’s face - confident. Hannibal found that very alluring. He wet his lips with the slide of his tongue, not breaking eye contact. “You should never fear your true self Will.”

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“You asked me not to lie to you. Will you return the courtesy?” Hannibal asked. Will looked as though he was steeling himself for the question to come, and Hannibal wondered what it was Will thought he might ask. “Why have you resumed your therapy?”

A moment of thought before - “Can't just talk to any psychiatrist about what's kicking round my head.”

Hannibal gauged Will thoughtfully. “You fantasize about killing me?” In part a mask for the question he really wanted to ask. Despite asking for honesty he was sure they were speaking in metaphors again - wouldn’t they always when it came to this?

“Yes.”

Hannibal felt his pulse quicken as he caught the scent of Will’s burgeoning arousal. The other Alpha seemed completely at ease regardless, which served only to increase Hannibal’s own.

“Tell me. How would you do it?”

Will considered that a moment and then the answer came, honeyed, cloying and deliberate. “With my hands.”

Hannibal let those words settle in him. The movement of Will’s tongue over his lips. “Then we haven't moved past apologies and forgiveness.”

“We've moved past a lot of things.” Will replied, his eyes piercing Hannibal. “I discovered a truth about myself when I tried to have you killed.”

“That doing bad things to bad people makes you feel good?” Hannibal ventured. He knew this to be true. He could see Will Graham whether Will liked it or not. But they were skirting around what they both knew - what they could both smell as this wordplay continued.

“Yes.” Will exhaled the word.

This really felt brazen now. The words, the way they were spoken, the mixed scent of their mutual arousal heavy in the air. Their eyes met and Hannibal knew neither of them would look away as they tried to fathom each other, tried to work out how far they dare go.

Hannibal was willing. His body even more so. He just needed a reassurance, that this change he felt in Will, this confidence, was no threat. He wanted to believe it was Will beginning to accept his becoming. He wanted them to acknowledge that they could see each other, really *see.*

“I need to know if you're going to try to kill me again, Will.”

*

The greatest crime now would be to walk away from what we've shared, suffered. In many ways, we need each other. We're the only ones who will know what this feels like.

They had been having dinner with Jack, Will recalled, when he had the realisation. He had known Lecter's proclivities for some time. His empathy perhaps, or recognising something of himself in the psychiatrist. But it was as they sat and ate, as those words tumbled through his mind, chased by the look Hannibal had given him, unintentional as it seemed - that he realised Hannibal was in love with him.

This left his own feelings uncertain. He already mourned the death of the friendship with the man he had thought Hannibal Lecter was. He was still dealing with the difficult feelings this had brought up. More accurately he was avoiding dealing with his feelings about Hannibal. It was easier to plan his entrapment if he avoided his feelings.

He had felt a drop in the pit of his stomach. Will had looked at the fish in front of him and imagined the lure. Imagined his lure - the one he was setting for the doctor. He had intended to befriend, entrap. But now… Seduction was a powerful means of influence. If he could wield it. Uncertain.

And so, they sat in Lecter's office, discussing honesty and death. He was aroused, painfully so. It had been so long since he had been with anyone. On a physical level Lecter excited him. Purely physical? He was unsure.

Will studied the doctor for a long moment mulling over his question. He decided on the truth no matter what happened next. "I don't want to kill you anymore, Dr. Lecter, not now that I finally find you interesting."

The doctor smirked and leaned forward to place a hand on Will's thigh. Will shuddered as desire coursed through him.

End Notes

Read the continuation here!

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